

# Arlington Advocate.

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Vol. 1.

ARLINGTON, MASS., DECEMBER 30, 1871.

No. 2.

## Poetry.

### TWO LITTLE ROGUES.

Says Sammy to Dick,  
"Come hurry! Come quick!  
And we'll do and we'll do and we'll do!  
Our mamma's away,  
She's gone for to stay,  
And we'll make a great hullabaloo!  
Hi too! ri loo! loo! loo!  
We'll make a great hullabaloo!"

Says Dicky to Sam,  
"All widdy I am  
To do, and to do, and to do,  
But how dosen't it go?  
I so little to know.  
Thay, what be a hullabaloo?  
Hi too! ri loo! woo! woo!  
Thay, what be a hullabaloo?"

O, slammings and bangings,  
And whinings and whangings;  
And very bad mischief we'll do!  
We'll clatter and about,  
And knock things about,  
And that's what's a hullabaloo!  
Hi too! ri loo! loo! loo!  
And that's what's a hullabaloo!"

Slide down the front stairs!  
Tip over the chairs!  
Now into the pantry break through!  
Pull down all the tinware,  
And pretty things there!  
All aboard for a hullabaloo!  
Hi too! ri loo! loo! loo!  
All aboard for a hullabaloo!

New roll up the table,  
Far up as you're able.  
Chairs, wota, big easy-chair too!  
Put the lamps and the vased  
In funny old places.  
How's this for a hullabaloo?  
Hi too! ri loo! loo! loo!  
How's this for a hullabaloo?

Let the dishes and pans  
Be the women and mens;  
Everybody keep still in their pews!  
Mammy's gone I'll get next,  
And preach you a text.  
Dicky! hush with your hullabaloo!  
Hi too! ri loo! loo! loo!  
Dicky! hush with your hullabaloo.

As the preacher in gown  
Climbed up and looked down  
His queer congregation to view,  
Said Dicky to Sammy,

"O, here comes our mamma!  
Se'll punk for dis hullabaloo!

Hi too! ri loo! woo! woo!

Se'll punk for dis hullabaloo!"

"O mammy! O mammy!"

Cried Dicky and Sammy,

"We'll never again, certain true!"

But with firm step she trod

To take down the rod.—

O, then came a hullabaloo!

"Boho! boho! woo! woo! woo! woo!"

O, then came a hullabaloo!

—From Our Young Folks for January.

## Selected.

### Hattie's Writing Desk.

"Oh, dear! I wish I was rich!" exclaimed Hattie Larned with an impatient sigh, as she threw herself down on the lounge in her aunt Susan's parlor the day after Christmas. Miss Susan Bentley was by no means rich, she had lived for many years in the same little house, and gradually collected about her numerous pretty things which were the objects of Hattie's rather envious admiration. So her aunt knew, by the glance which the young girl cast around the room, that there was something there she wanted.

"What is it now, dear?" she asked pleasantly, "you seem to be pretty comfortably situated as you are. And Santa Claus certainly remembered you very kindly yesterday."

"Oh, yes; I don't complain on my own account. I have my fair share, but I do long so sometimes to make mother a handsome present."

"Why, those tidies you made her were beautiful, Hattie. She seemed delighted with them, and said they were exactly what she wanted."

"Yes, they were well enough, but what I really wanted to give her, was a desk like yours, aunt Susan. She writes a great many letters, and keeps all the accounts and copies out receipts, and uses her pen, one way or another, a dozen times a day; and whenever I see her turning over the papers in her drawer and carrying them to the table by the window, and then putting them away again, I want so to buy her a nice standing desk where she can keep them all that I don't know what to do."

"How much would such a one cost, Hattie?" asked Miss Bentley. "Perhaps your father would have bought one if you had suggested it to him."

"No, indeed; I did tell him about it, and that he could get a perfect beauty for thirty-five dollars; but he said that was more than ought to be spent in Christmas presents by the whole family put together. But if I had the money of my own, I know what I'd do quick enough, with it."

"You do have money to spend of your own, don't you?" inquired aunt Susan.

"Father gives me a dollar or two at a time, when I tell him I am out of pocket money, but I have to spend it on other things, and I never could lay up enough for that."

"How much do you suppose you would have to lay by every day, to have enough to buy just such a desk with, next Christmas?" said Miss Bentley.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Hattie, looking rather puzzled. "A good deal, I suppose."

"Just ten cents," replied her aunt. "Ten cents a day is thirty-six dollars and fifty cents a year, and if you begin now, you would have some days to spare."

"But I don't see what difference it would make, aunty, for father would have to give me the money, anyway, and I should only have to ask him for it so much the oftener."

"That is very true, if you spent just as much as you did before; but if you go without things that your father allows you to have, for the sake of saving up the money for that, I don't think he would object."

"What is there I could do without?" asked Hattie, who began to be very much interested. "There's nothing I spend much on, except candy, and I didn't buy ten cents' worth of that a day, by a good deal."

"How often do you buy it, do you think?"

"We generally stop when we are coming home from dancing-school, Wednesdays and Saturday, and buy a little. Sometimes we get a quarter of a dollar's worth, just at it happens."

"Don't you think on the whole, that you spend as much as thirty cents a week for it, an average of fifteen cents each time?"

"Yes," said Hattie, after a moment's reflection. "I'm quite sure I do."

"And wouldn't you be willing to give up that among other things, if you could buy the desk at the end of the year?"

"Yes indeed! That I would," said Hattie with a brightened face.

"Well, there are three days a week provided for, to begin with," answered Miss Bentley. "Now for the next thing. You always go in the cars to and from your music-lessons, don't you?"

"Yes, aunty, it is such a tremendous long walk."

"But not longer than a stout, hearty girl of thirteen ought to take every day of her life. It would be all the better for you if you were obliged to do it every day. Now if you are willing to make the exertion, there are twenty cents a week more saved for you. That makes fifty cents, and there are only twenty left to be provided for."

"It is very tempting, aunty; I believe I'll do it. And how do you think I could save up the other twenty?"

"Your own ingenuity will show you that, as you go along. Have you any money of your own now?"

"Yes ma'am, uncle George gave me two dollars yesterday, to buy a pair of sleeve buttons with, or anything else I wanted, he said. And I do want those very much?"

"Do you know what handsome ones you can get at the Dollar Store?"

"Why so I can!" exclaimed Hattie. "I never thought of the Dollar Store. There's a whole dollar to start with. That will make up for five weeks."

"You will find other chances come along, dear, if you are on the lookout for them. There is nothing that makes it so easy to save money, as having a special object in view. And as one great safeguard against spending it, is not to have it in your pocket, won't you let me be your banker?"

"Oh, thank you, aunt Susan, I should like it if all things! Let us begin now. Here's half of uncle George's money for a nest egg."

So Miss Bentley brought out a box to hold the weekly savings, and in it put a neat little account book, in which to keep a record of the expenses, for which the money was to be substituted, so that Hattie might be able to show, at the end of the year, that she had not appropriated any of it unfairly.

"I may as well give you the candy money, and car money for this week, now, aunt Susan," said she, "and then it will be off my mind. A dollar and a half, with uncle George's! That makes up for two weeks, and a day over. I'm beginning to feel almost as if I had bought the desk already!"

"You mustn't neglect any opportunity to lay by, dear, because you have made such a good beginning," said her aunt.

"You will find there are a good many weeks when nothing extra comes in, and you must make provision for these beforehand, like a little bee, storing up honey for winter. You will find chances, if you are looking out for them."

"Of course it is to be a secret, aunty," said Hattie.

"By all means," answered Miss Bentley. "If your father or mother should want to know why you don't spend the money they give you, for the uses they expect, you may tell them that I know all about it, and think it is quite right."

It was rather hard for Hattie to give up buying candy when the rest of the girls did, but she kept bravely to her resolution, telling them she wasn't going to buy any for a year, for a special reason, which she would tell them at the end of the time.

As she was a great favorite, all her companions wished to give her a share of theirs, but she declined this, saying it would be mean, when she did not buy any herself. Whenever it was especially hard to refuse, she would say over to herself, "desk! desk!" to keep up her courage, and found that the thought of this quite consoled her for the candy.

Miss Bently did not give presents at Christmas. It had always been the custom in her family to exchange these tokens of affection on New Year's Day; and on that day she received her annual visit from Mrs. Larned's children, each bearing some little gift to mark the occasion. Lizzie, the oldest daughter, had made a beautiful glove case out of an old cigar box, which she had lined and covered with fine blue merino, embroidered on the top in a pretty pattern with white beads, and having a fringe of the same round the sides. Hattie had worked a pincushion, and the boys brought specimens of their skill in carving. Walter had made a bracket to stand a small vase of flowers on. Fred, had cut a cross to hang round the neck, from guitar perch, and even little Davy, only ten years old, had made an anchor from the same material, for one of the ornaments of her watch guard. Miss Bently was delighted with the evidences of taste, skill and industry, and on her part had a gift ready for each. She could not make elegant presents, for her means were extremely limited, and she supported herself by teaching; but she had such good judgment in selecting them that they gave as much pleasure as if they had been ever so grand.

When it came to Hattie's turn, her aunt put a gold dollar into her hand.

"I am going to let you select something for yourself this time," said she.

"I thought perhaps you would like that better than if I bought anything for you."

The other children wondered at this, for it was not like aunt Susan's usual way, but Hattie understood it, and before they came away, she found a moment in which to slip the dollar into her aunt's hand, whispering "desk!" in a mysterious tone.

"What are you going to do with your money, Hat?" asked Fred, on the way home.

"Oh, I've spent it already," replied she.

Of course this created much wondering and discussion, but Hattie kept her own counsel, for she was afraid to trust the boys with her secret.

These being holiday times, there was an unusual amount of gayety going on, and among other things Mr. Larned said that all the young folks might go to the menagerie, which happened to be in town at that season. Hattie thought she saw in this a good opportunity of adding to her desk-money, and on the morning when they were to go, she asked her mother if she might stay at home and have the money instead. She had seen a menagerie the previous summer, so it was not as much of a trial for her to give it up as it might otherwise have been.

"I'm afraid you're growing a little miserly lately, my dear girl," said her kind mother, when she made this request.

"I bear of your saving up your money, instead of spending it, in a way that makes me rather uneasy. I would rather see you liberal than to have you make a large pile in your savings' bank."

"I'll promise to spend every cent of it before the year is out," said Hattie, "and in a way that you will approve, too. Ask aunt Susan; she knows all about it, and thinks it is all right."

"Oh, very well; if you have aunt Susan for a confidante, I'm not at all afraid of your doing anything out of the way," replied Mrs. Larned.

So Hattie took the money to her aunt, while the rest went off on their expedition.

No more additions were made to the box for some time, but by the end of January, which was about five weeks from Christmas, Hattie found that she had just five dollars, which was a dollar and a half over the ten cents a day she had to make up. She knew, however, that such fine times would not occur again till the next winter came round, and kept her eyes wide open for any chance to add to her store.

On St. Valentine's Day, the fourteenth of February, there was a party at the dancing school, and the girls were to have new boots for the occasion. Mr. Larned selected a pair for each, with rosettes.

"How much would these be, without the rosettes?" inquired Hattie of the clerk.

"Half a dollar less," he replied.

"Then mother, if you've no objection, I'll take off the rosettes, and you can give me the fifty cents. Mr. Larned smiled, for by this time it was understood in the family that Hattie was to be allowed to make her savings without criticism. On the last day of February, the box was found to be a dollar and twenty cents ahead of time.

"More than enough to carry me through next month," said Hattie, triumphantly.

During the next month, she was not able to make any more than the regular additions to her box, but in April, when the spring wardrobe was to be prepared, there were various little extras in the way of trimming which she relinquished, and, with her mother's consent, put the money into pocket. By the time summer vacation began, however, she found herself almost half a dollar behind hand.

The music-lessons were to be stopped, too, for the hot months, so that she could no longer count in the car-money, and the enterprising little girl began to fear for the success of her plan. In this emergency she had recourse to her aunt. "I'll tell you what it is, Hattie," said this good friend; "you must earn some money."

"Oh, I wish I could," exclaimed Hattie. "But I don't know how."

"I'll have a talk with your mother about it," said Miss Bently, "and we'll see what can be done."

Mrs. Larned was at that time employing a seamstress in the house, to make up a large supply of underclothing for the family. In this, of course, she expected some help from her daughters, but it was agreed that if Hattie chose to get up early and do some extra work before breakfast, her mother should pay her at the same rate she did the seamstress for the same number of hours.

Our young friend was by no means fond of early rising, but this inducement was sufficient to get her out of bed every morning at five o'clock. She was so conscientious that she could be safely trusted both to keep her own time, and to work faithfully while she was at it, and her mother said that all she paid her was honestly earned. Mr. Larned made it a point that she should eat something before she began, as otherwise her health might suffer; so she would take a few crackers or a piece of bread and butter then, and be quite ready for a hearty breakfast with the others.

We cannot follow Hattie through all the expedients she practised toward the attainment of her darling object. The specimens already given will show of what nature were the sacrifices she made. It must suffice to say that when December came in, she found that with her regular allowance she should only lack about two dollars of having the sum she wanted.

"Papa," said she to her father one morning when they were alone together, "you know you always give us some money to buy materials for Christmas presents. I wish you'd give me mine now."

"How much do you want?" inquired her father.

"Two dollars, if you please," said Hattie, courageously.

"Hew! That's a good deal for one little puse to spend," he replied. "What are you going to buy with it?"

"Oh, I can't tell you, papa, but I won't ask you for any more, not another cent. And you needn't give me anything at Christmas, either."

"We'll see about that," said Mr. Larned, laughing, and handed her the money she asked for. "I don't know whether Santa Claus will consent to any partiality of that kind."

A week before the great day, aunt Susan went with her to buy the desk. And what a beauty it was! It was of light wood, and had a sloping top covered with a green cloth, at the back of which were places for pens, ink, stamp, and all the things one wants to have at hand in writing, besides a place to set a

lamp or an accommodation light on at night. Under the front part was an open place for the writer's feet, and back of this two closets, opening on either side, one of which had a set of shallow drawers for holding paper and envelopes, and the other was filled with pigeon-holes for piles of letters, or receipts, and tall places in which to stand account books. Although, it was perfect in this way, and Hattie thought that nothing so ingenious had ever been constructed by the skill of man.

"Oh, what will mother say when she sees it?" she exclaimed delightedly to aunt Susan.

"She will say that she has a very persevering, industrious, self-denying little girl for a daughter," replied her aunt, affectionately.

"And a very kind, thoughtful, helping woman for a sister," added Hattie, "for without you, aunty, I should never either have thought of it or been able to carry it out."

The day before Christmas, Walter and Fred had to be let into the secret, as their help was necessary in getting the precious desk into the house unnoticed. It had been sent to aunt

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BY JOHN L. PARKER.

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ARLINGTON, DEC. 30th, 1871.

## TAKE NOTICE.

Owing to an error which was not discovered till too late for remedy, we did not have a sufficient number of copies of our paper to distribute as promised. We accordingly issue this second number, Dec. 30, instead of Jan. 6, and the third number will appear Jan. 13. We hope all will see and read this number.

CHURCH COUNCIL.—An ecclesiastical council assembled at the First Congregational church, Woburn, on Wednesday afternoon, consisting of the pastor and delegate from the Hancock church in Lexington, Mystic and First Cong. in Medford, Cong. churches in Winchester, Burlington, Arlington, Malden and North Woburn. The meeting was called to order by Rev. E. G. Porter, of Lexington, and organized with Rev. S. Cobb, of Medford, moderator, and Rev. Mr. Porter, scribe. Rev. L. Thompson offered prayer. The letter of Mr. Dennen was read, and the minutes of the Church and of the Parish in regard to the same. Mr. Dennen was then called upon for a statement. He said his sickness of last summer had left him in such a condition, that in consultation with the best physicians the necessity was imposed on him of taking a year's rest. He believed he could best have rest by leaving his parochial cares entirely behind. He had made the decision, after weeks of thought and prayer. He left this field of labor with regret, and with his best wishes for the church and society, and hoped they would get some one to do for them very much better than he had been able to do.

Mr. W. A. Stone, of the church committee being asked for a statement, said he knew nothing the committee could present, which was not in the letters already before the council.

The council then went into secret session, and after deliberating for more than an hour, opened their doors, and announced their decision in the following resolutions:—

*Resolved*, That we sympathize with Rev. Mr. Dennen in the impaired state of his health, and in his consequent desire to obtain temporary rest from ministerial labor.

*Resolved*, That we recommend the dissolution of the pastoral relation now existing between Rev. Mr. Dennen and the First Church in Woburn, in accordance with terms of the resignation; and we cordially commend him to the churches as a preacher of uncommon power, and as a learned and devoted minister of the Gospel of Christ.

*Resolved*, That we feel deeply for this Church and Society in the loss of their Pastor, whose labors among them have been of acknowledged ability, earnestness and success; and we sincerely trust that the Great Head of the Church will, in due time, send them another Pastor to break unto them the Bread of Life.

*Resolved*, That, as an expression of sympathy for their Pastor in the loss of his health, incurred in their service, we recommend that the salary be continued till the close of the next quarter.

The council then dissolved, and were subsequently entertained by the ladies in the church parlor.

**THAT CHAIR.**—What is an editor without a chair? The editor of this paper not only has a chair for his numerous friends who cheerfully drop in, and tell the best joke or the latest item, but since Christmas he has for himself a thoroughbred, black walnut, easy chair, of strong frame, handsome carving, and plentiful room, with which "the boys" of the office, in league with Foster, the furniture man, surprised him last Saturday evening. We thought we had a fine thing on "the boys," but they were smart enough, and we got beaten. However, we took it as chairfully as we could, and the longer we have it the better we like it. There's nothing like being an editor with good boys, and we'll back ours against any in the country.

**TO THE PUBLIC.**—Our readers should remember that our paper has the largest circulation in town, and if they wish to be in the fashion, they should subscribe at once, and encourage "Home Enterprise." Let us hear from you, to the tune of one dollar.

## ARLINGTON LOCALS.

Dennis Credan, Timothy Murray, Peter Reardon, Matthew Nikola, Peter Cilly and George Russell were brought before the court last week for the illicit sale of liquor. All were fined ten dollars and costs, and put under one thousand dollar bonds to not violate the law within a year. Eliza Nikola, for a single sale, was fined ten dollars and costs.

**ACCIDENT.**—On Wednesday a man named Thomas Cutter, employed at the Town Farm, where he had resided for upwards of forty years, died under singular circumstances. He had been suffering from an abscess, and the pain had made him crazy, so that a few nights ago he jumped from a window, breaking his knee-pan, and injuring him internally. From these injuries he died as above stated. He was 61 years of age, and unmarried. We learn that he had \$1000 on deposit in the Savings Bank.

**ICE.**—Preparations are making to harvest the ice crop of Arlington Lake. The ice is being scraped. It is now seven inches thick, but a few days like Thursday will bring it up to the standard.

**FAIR.**—The Orthodox Fair, held in Town Hall, Wednesday afternoon and evening, was a very pleasant occasion. All the usual arrangements of such a gathering were there, from ice creams to hot col. The fancy tables were well patronized, the flowers gave a decided summer look to the hall, the old fashioned dinner, served on ancient pewter plates, reminded the eaters of the olden times, and to continue the illusion an old folks concert was given with much *éclat*. Considerable amusement was created by some orchestral music between the songs which was furnished by two young gentlemen, one of whom played on the jews-harp, and the other upon the harmonica. The financial result of the fair is encouraging. The proceeds will be devoted to rebuilding the steeple, which was overthrown by the severe gale last summer.

**SAVINGS.**—The annual meeting of the Savings Bank was held Wednesday evening, at their room in the depot. The old board of officers was re-elected.

The snow did not cause the suspension of road-making on Mill street, but the work goes on, as if this were not the winter of our discontent.

**MASONIC.**—At the regular meeting of the Hiram Lodge on Thursday the 21st, the following officers were installed by Past Master Wm. E. Parmenter; W. M. Edward Storer; S. W. Charles E. Goodwin; J. W. George B. Tufts; Treas., J. W. Peirce; Chap., R. R. Wiley; S. D., John Hill; J. D., Albert Needham; Tyler, John A. Pattee; I. S. Simeon Baker; Marshal, James Durgin. The lodge is in a prosperous condition with considerable work before them, in which all the members join in harmony.

**I. O. O. F.**—The following officers of Bethel Lodge No. 12 were elected for the ensuing term at the last regular Communication on Wednesday evening last. N. G., James A. Marden; V. G., Wm. H. Green; Sec., James Wyman; Treas., Wm. L. Clark; Trustees, Duncan Macfarlane, Wm. H. Soles, Ammi Hall. Installation of officers next Wednesday at Odd Fellows Hall. The Lodge will give their fourth annual social levee, at Town Hall, Jan 9, 1872.

**WOODEN.**—Mr. S. A. Fowle and wife were the recipients of considerable attention on Tuesday, the fifth anniversary of their wedding, and many wooden mementoes assist the recollection of a very happy evening. Mr. Fowle is now proprietor of the Arlington Grain Mills, and has a grist of friends;—may it never run out.

**UNITARIAN.**—The children of the Unitarian Sabbath School have contributed this year over two hundred different articles for the Children's Mission of Boston, Thursday the articles were forwarded to their destination. On Thursday their Christmas tree was held at Mr. Barry's.

**MASONIC.**—There was a special meeting of Hiram Lodge, Thursday evening. We understand that the brethren are pleased with the appointment of Past Master Grammer, of Woburn, to the office of district deputy.

**BAPTIST.**—The Sunday School had a very pleasant Christmas tree, and every scholar received a present. The attendance was full. During the evening a poem was read, and the exercises were enlivened with frequent songs.

## LEXINGTON LOCALS.

**TOWN HALL.**—The inhabitants of Lexington have already begun to realize good returns from their judicious investment in building a spacious Town Hall. Heretofore there has not been a hall sufficiently large to comfortably accommodate all the people who were desirous of enjoying Lyceum lectures during the winter. The beginning of the present season witnesses the gathering of larger audiences for literary enjoyment than has been known in town. It is written that "Man shall not live by bread alone." Intellectual and social food is also found to be necessary for the healthful condition of man, and taking the four lectures on which we have already feasted as a specimen of the course, the people will be well fed. The first lecture was by Gen. Harriman; he was followed by Col. Conwell and Carlton, the last was by Mr. Field, on Thursday with his "Plea for cheerfulness." Each night the hall has been well filled with highly pleased listeners to the patriotic lecturers, who freely gave their services for the purpose of raising funds for the completion of stately for our Memorial Hall. On the same evening there were two parties at private houses in the near vicinity to the hall, so you can see that we still "live, move and have a being." The first of these was at the residence of Mr. Chas. C. Goodwin, the proprietor of the extensive patent medicine establishment at No. 38 Hanover St., Boston. Mr. G. invited all his employees, about twenty in number, to come up with their wives and sweethearts and spend a sociable evening at his house. The invitation was most heartily responded to, and the seven o'clock train brought up a happy company, who speedily occupied his spacious parlors. After the usual congratulations, the visitors were invited into the dining room, where they partook of a sumptuous entertainment which was prepared in a manner which reflected much credit on the host and hostess. This was followed by a variety of gems, music and singing, to the evident satisfaction and enjoyment of all the party, concluding with "Auld Lang Syne," by the whole company, when the down train whistle summoned them away. Had Mr. Field been present he would not have felt any need for putting in his plea for cheerfulness, for it was supreme. It is pleasant to witness such a commingling of business relations with social enjoyment. It is productive of good to all the parties—

which would they often occur.

**AUCTION.**—There was an auction sale of stock and product, the property of Geo. W. Robinson, on the 14th. The attendance was good, and the bidding spirited. W. A. Lane & Co. conducted the sale.

**ACCIDENT.**—On Tuesday, as a man was driving into the depot yard, his horse became unmanageable, and running against a post cleared himself completely from the sleigh, which was badly shattered. Horse unharmed.

**BALL.**—Adams Engine Co. hold their fifteenth annual ball at Cutler's Hotel, Wednesday Eve., Dec. 27. Music will be furnished by Allen's Quadrille band.

**THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S CHRISTIAN UNION.**—The object of this Association is to promote social intercourse and literary improvement, and should meet the approval of all who have the good of a community at heart.

Experience in public speaking, even before a small audience, is productive of good results, and this is especially true in a country like ours—where the government is administered by the people. This society is an "Union," and should embrace all classes, irrespective of opinion. It is to be regretted that all do not regard this fact, as harmony and unity are the key-stones of the social arch. Our schools provide a certain amount of instruction in composition and declamation, to be sure, but we find very few of the graduates of our schools who speak with ease, or write above mediocrity. This Association should be assisted by the public, as the object is praiseworthy.

Its meetings have been very well attended, and much interest has been evinced by the members. In addition to the regular exercises this season, the Union has prepared a public entertainment, to be given upon the evening of January 1st, 1872, in the Town Hall. The programme is varied and pleasing, embracing music, charades, tableaux, and a temperance drama. We trust the hall will be filled. Don't forget. Monday evening, Jan. 1st, 1872.

**OUR LECTURE SEASON.**—Lexington has awakened from its Rip Van Winkle sleep, and we have a Lecture Course. Croers told us 'twas no use, that it would fail; but with a zeal, emulative of "ye ancient days," the people came forward, and the course was successfully inaugurated.

Gen. Harriman opened the ball, Nov.

16th, 1871, with a lecture upon "General George H. Thomas." It was an able tribute to the memory of a good, loyal and true man, whose name is enshrined in the memory of the American people.

Nov. 23d we listened to Col. R. H. Conwell, upon the subject, "Lessons of Travel." It was rather disjointed and rambling, but in some portions amusing. The lesson that the Colonel wanted to teach, seemed to be, "Don't put on airs;" but it seemed to us that the great result of travel, viz: the polishing of the outer man—had never been learned by the speaker, as he was very awkward and ill at ease during his delivery.

"Carleton" came next, Dec. 7th, with his lecture upon "The Physical Geography of the Northwest." Everything connected with the lecture was colossal, from the maps to the knot-holes through which the speaker rode horseback. It was interesting and a good advertisement for the North Western Pacific Railroad.

We all assembled Dec. 14th to hear Mr. J. T. Fields deliver his "Plea for Cheerfulness," with our minds made up for a treat, and we were not disappointed. It was a scholarly production and abounded in happy points. The audience went home feeling many years younger. We thank Mr. F. for his "Plea," and give his client our verdict of approval. Mr. J. J. Raynor entertained the lecturer and a few friends after the lecture, and an hour was spent very pleasantly.

Dec. 21st brought with it Mr. George B. Ford, who gave us a reading entertainment, that included "The Minister's Housekeeper," "Parrhasius," "Flight of Little Emily," "Molly Carew," and two or three more pieces. The audience expressed their approbation emphatically. Mr. Ford is a pleasing reader, and exhibited considerable dramatic power. To our mind his rendering of the Irish brogue in "Molly Carew," "Rory O' Moore," and "Handy Andy," was the success of the evening. The lecturer was entertained, in company with quite a number of citizens, after the reading, by Mr. Asa Cottrell, one of the lecture committee.

Thursday, Dec. 28th, came the Dramatic Entertainment. The plays presented were the comic drama, "All that Glitters is not Gold," and the farce, "Look after Brown."

**SOCIAL ASSEMBLY.**—The pupils of Mr. Brown's dancing class, held their assembly in the Town Hall, last week Friday evening. The hours passed pleasantly in the merry dance, and all seemed determined upon having a good time. It was a success, and we congratulate Prof. Brown upon the proficiency that the class exhibited. We understand that the managers intend giving two or three more parties of a similar nature during the winter. They should meet with encouragement in their undertaking.

**ANOTHER.**—The members of Adams Engine Co., No. 1, gave a party at Cutler's Hotel, East Lexington, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 27th. "Allen" furnished the music, and of course it was good.

**SOCIAL.**—The Social Circle of the Hancock Church, met on Thursday evening at the house of Mr. Prosser, and listened to an essay on Italy, by Miss Lamson, of Winchester. Other exercises of a social nature helped to pass the evening pleasantly.

**CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES.**—The Hancock Congregational Society met at their church on Monday evening, Dec. 25th, for the purpose of appropriately observing the day. A beautiful Christmas tree was provided, covered with gifts, and presented a pleasing spectacle.

The Unitarian Society also assembled in their vestry, where was found another tree, also loaded with articles, that made the young eyes around it glisten with expectation and delight.

The exercises were similar in each place, and the results the same. Gifts were provided for each member of the Sabbath Schools, and "Our Young Folks" had a gay time of it, and so did the older ones, for the matter of that.

Santa Claus did not forget us this year. Everybody was delighted. No one was overlooked, and beaming faces and bright eyes all around us, read us a lesson we cannot soon forget. Oh, these glad Christmas reunions. May their recurrence be a law with us, as binding as those of the Medes and Persians.

Upon the Sabbath previous, the Rev. Mr. Porter favored his hearers with a

Christmas discourse; and in the evening the children of the Unitarian Society gave a concert, consisting of carols, dialogues, and readings. Thus was the day ushered in, and many remarked that a pleasanter Christmas they had not spent.

**SIDEWALKS.**—Cannot something be done with our sidewalks? The most of them are a few inches below the surface of the road, and as water does not usually run up hill we have it to wallow through. To have poor sidewalks is a relic of barbarism.

**EGGS-TRAORDINARY.**—Toby Twinkle says in the play, "I did nothing but lay eggs all night long, for weeks and weeks together;" but the eggs he laid "do not in the least compare" with the eggs which Babcock sells for toys. Be not chicken-hearted, but give the Doctor a call and take a peep at his shelves, filled with all sorts of children's delights.

## Bedford.

**BEDFORD HOUSE.**—This old stand (Hotel) has passed through a thorough change during the past season, and inside and out presents a most hospitable appearance. The old sign had become almost obliterated, with the continued storms of years, but is now superseded by a new one—"BEDFORD HOUSE. H. Stetson & Son,"—and the travelling public are accommodated here as they only can be in a first-class hotel. All unite in saying that no house in the County can compare with this for modern accommodations.

**RAILROAD.**—We hope that soon the Lowell Railroad will give us a return for our hearty response to their proposition, in travelling facilities equal to those of your own town.

**FAIR.**—The Ladies' Fair of last week, was a good thing, and netted \$200 for the Society. In quite a large degree are the ladies beholden to Mr. W. A. Lane, for his peculiar manner of bringing money out of pockets which seemingly are closed to all save the tax collector. This Society has done a good work during a few years past. Through their efforts the church has received a new organ, at a cost of some fifteen hundred dollars, and they have taken upon themselves the paying of an organist, Mr. Chas. Gleason, of Medford.

**BALL.**—There will be a New Year's Ball at the Bedford House, next Monday evening. Music by Davis's Quadrille Band. A happy New Year to all.

**FESTIVAL.**—The Unitarian Sabbath School had their Christmas tree in the Town Hall, where there was a large attendance and a generous distribution of gifts. Santa Claus was present to delight the children with his vagaries. Singing, and recitations by the little folks, formed part of the exercises. After all the presents had been taken from the tree, there was a social dance. A general good time was enjoyed by all present. The society received a present of one hundred dollars. The proceeds of this festival amounted to between thirty and forty dollars.

**CHRISTMAS TREE.**—The Trinitarian Congregational Society, of Bedford, held their annual Christmas tree at the vestry. Two nice spruce trees, well laden with choice gifts, were the centre of attraction to all youthful eyes, and older eyes looked upon them with something of the interest of former days. Many of the presents were quite valuable, among which was a gold Waltham watch, presented to Mr. C. L. Wait. Among the other pleasant features of the evening were readings and recitations by the children. Mrs. C. L. Wait, Miss Nellie Peckham, and Mr. A. E. Brown, also took part. There was singing by the school, assisted by the choir. The vestry was tastefully decorated with wreaths and evergreen, and the whole occasion was one of happiness to all present.

## Billerica.

**SUICIDE.**—Dr. Boyden of Billerica, committed suicide Sunday in the forenoon. He had for some time been suffering from great despondency, and had requested to be sent to an asylum, fearing that he might do violence to himself. His friends not feeling the same alarm, did not think best to send him from home. Sunday he left the house, and being absent for a considerable time, search was made for him, when he was found hanging in his barn. Until lately he has resided in Bedford. He was for some time a Dr. of medicine in one of the Western States, was a man of much intelligence, and was respected highly. He leaves a widow to whom he has been married but a short time.

## Selected.

**NON-DELIVERY OF LETTERS.**—Many letters, whose non-delivery brings reprobation on the post-office authorities, never reach the office at all, or reach it too late for the desired mail. A few years ago, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher had three things to do in one day; he had to write an important letter; he had to compose a sermon that must be preached the next Sunday; and he had to visit a sick parishioner that lived on the outskirts of his Brooklyn parish. It was a very hot day in July, and the great preacher carefully, as he thought, mapped out the day's work before him. Immediately after breakfast he wrote the letter, and when this was finished the sun was well up, and the atmosphere pretty warm, not to say hot. Depositing the letter in his hat, and his hat on his head, he started for the post-office. Here he called for his letters and papers, and then began his long exercise to see his parishioner, meditating over his sermon as he went. When the warm walk had brought him beyond the brick houses of the city, and he felt the sweltering rays of the sun beating down so hard upon him, he involuntarily took out his handkerchief to wipe his hot forehead. The removal of the hat let that important letter drop out. There was no help for it; that letter must go by that mail; and the tired preacher had to turn round and walk back to the office, consoling himself, as he did so, with the better chance to think over that sermon as he walked along. Very much wrapped up in that sermon he must have been; for finding himself once more at the office, he went up to the window and inquired—

"Any letters for me?"

"Why, Mr. Beecher, I gave you your letters myself three quarters of an hour ago."

"So you did, I have them in my pocket. What could have possessed me to come back here this hot day after letters already in my pocket. I must hurry off after that poor sick woman." And turning on his heel, he started off again, busily engaged in the completion of that next day's sermon.

Once more he got beyond the brick houses that line the streets of Brooklyn; once more he felt the hot rays of the sun beating on his elevated head; once more he took out his handkerchief and took off his hat—and down tumbled that important letter again.

Mr. Beecher wasn't angry—he never is—but he was as near it as any clergyman ought to be.

He must return; it was most time for that mail to start, and once more turning round, he went back to the Post Office, this time carefully carrying the letter in his hand, and not thinking so much about the sermon as about the heat of the day. The letter was safely deposited this time, and the sick parishioner tardily reached in the middle of the afternoon by the exhausted preacher. It is to be hoped that he felt repaid for his long walk. The next day he preached that much-meditated sermon.

**HOME TALK TO GIRLS.**—Your every day toilet is part of your character. A girl that looks like a 'fury' or 'sloven' in the morning, is not to be trusted, however finely she may look in the evening. No matter how humble your room may be, there are eight things it should contain, namely:—A mirror, washstand, soap, towel, comb, hair, nail and tooth brushes. These are just as essential as your breakfast, before which you should make good use of them. Parents who fail to provide their children with such appliances, not only make a great mistake, but commit a sin of omission. Look tidy in the morning, and after dinner work is over, improve your toilette. Make it a rule of your daily life to "dress up" for the afternoon. Your dress may or need not be anything better than calico; but with a ribbon or flower, or some bit of ornament, you can have an air of self-respect and satisfaction that invariably comes with being well dressed. A girl with fine sensibilities can not help feeling embarrassed and awkward in a ragged and dirty dress, with her hair unkempt, should a neighbor come in. Moreover, your self-respect should demand the decent apparel of your body. You should make it a point to look as well as you can, even if you know nobody will see you but yourself.

**A curious observer** has discovered that men and boys invariably run the heels of their boots and shoes outwardly, while women and girls always run theirs inwardly. Out of one hundred and forty-seven men and boys that passed the observer at a given point, this fact was true in every instance; out of sixty-seven women that passed, it was true in every instance but one.

If smallpox must be supported, exempt from work or labor of any useful kind, better provide them houses, food, and clothing, at once, out of general subscription of the people. If their business was entirely stopped, so as to save all the cost of propagation and crime it creates, we could, at least, individual expense, than now, support every man of them, and their families, and have money to spare.—*etc.*

**The Richmond Examiner** has a spicy chapter on newspapers, elicited by the stereotyped remark of indifferent readers, after scanning the "miniature word" of a daily issue, that "there's nothing in the paper." It says:

And men grumble about their papers, insinuating, too, how much better they could do it. They talk dismally about fine articles, on every imaginable subject, as if they could effect such a change. Let some of these overflowing philosophers try it for one hundred and fifty days in succession. And then they think it is nothing to "select" for a newspaper; you have merely to run the scissors through a half dozen exchanges, and you have matter enough. Now this is the most important and the most difficult department to fill on a newspaper. Very few men have the slightest idea how to do such work. It requires a thorough newspaper man, who knows the public appetite well, who knows what is going on in the world, and who knows how to rewrite and pack a column into a dozen lines. Men who skim a newspaper, and toss it aside, little reflect how much brains and toil have been expended in serving up that meal. Busy heads and busy hands have been toiling all day to gather and prepare these viands, and some vast building has been lit from cellar to garret all night to get the paper ready for the newsboy by crack of dawn. "Nothing in the newspaper?" Nothing in your heads; that's what's the matter.

**A correspondent** of the Cincinnati *Gazette* has some odious things to say in favor of what he chooses to call "Men's Rights." "I am," he says, "a bachelor, thirty-one years of age, in sound health, and in receipt of a salary of fifteen hundred dollars per year, and, therefore, a good match for any woman, no matter who she may be; yet I remain unmarried from principle, and will remain single until the laws are so altered as to make me master of my own home. I am the owner of real estate acquired by my own labor. I do not mean to allow any woman to control me in the disposal of that property, simply because she should happen to be my wife. She would have done nothing toward earning that property, and, therefore, have no moral right to its sale. Any law giving her a dower third, is simply a fraud on me, the more so as the law does not give me any dower third in her property. And then, the ceremony now-a-days, called marriage, does not give me a wife; it merely gives me a woman who can leave me whenever she pleases. I can not keep her against her wishes. She may go back to her father or elsewhere, and I can't compel her to come back; but should I leave her for any reason, she can have me arrested and compel me to support her. Such a thing is one-sided and unfair. A woman held by such a loose tie is not, in my opinion, a wife in the holy way a decent man has shrined in his thoughts. The laws have degraded her into a concubine."

**An envious Chicago paper** says Bret Harte is about to publish a new poem, called "The Outlaw of Cholera Gulch." It will relate how the outlaw, a rude but benevolent man, poisoned his benefactor, and carried off his two daughters for wives; how he smote one of those wives with a stick until she inconsiderately died, and then expended for whiskey the money she had left for a coffin; how he disposed of the other one to the Piegans for a pumpkin-colored horse; how he extinguished that horse's eyes with a hot poker, because he got beaten in a race; and how he was finally caught up by an angel one Saturday afternoon and translated to heaven, where he received a crown of glory.

**A gentleman** of color working on one of the boats, was asked the other day whether he was best off now, or before he was set free. He scratched his wool and said, "Well, when I tumbled overboard before, the captain he stopped the ship, and put back and picked me up; and then gave me a glass of hot whiskey and water, and then gave me twenty lashes for falling overboard. But now, if I tumble overboard, the captain he'd say, "What's dat? Oh, only that darned nigger, go ahead."

**SURPRISE PARTIES.**—They have a new way of getting up surprise parties in Troy. A resident receives an anonymous letter stating that a surprise party will be with him on a certain evening. He prepares for it. Nobody comes. He is surprised. Almost anybody would be.

**A little boy** of six summers was sent one morning to call his grandfather to breakfast. The old gentleman was in the habit of snoring very hard, and as the boy pushed open the door, he was frightened at the unusual noise. He rushed back to his mother, exclaiming: "Ma, grandpa's been barking at me!"

**At a horse case** tried in Massachusetts, the other day, one witness, on being asked what kind of medicine was used in the treatment of the dilapidated animal, said that he would be busted if he knew, but he rather guessed it was *anarchy*.

**Egypt** proposes to use the pyramids for weather signal stations.

## DEAR FRIENDS, HOLIDAYS ARE COMING, AND YOU MUST BE TOLD WHERE TO FIND

In every description, Toys, China Dolls, Wax Dolls, with moving eyes, and curly hair, Tea Sets, Games, Puzzles, Backgammon and Checker Boards, Dominoes, Work Boxes, Building Blocks, Writing Desks, Albums, Portfolios, Shopping Bags, Music Rolls, Music Binders, Ladies' & Gents' Dressing Cases, Books, Portmonnaies, Companions, Reticules, Fans, Pictures, Wall Pockets, Picture Frames, Hat and Towel Racks, Vases, Busts, Toilet Sets, Lava Ware, Flower Pots, Match Boxes, Slipper Patterns, Ottoman Patterns, Clocks, Stereoscopes and Views, Catalogs, and thousands other articles not mentioned.

We advise our patrons to call early and make their selections before the rush, as our stock is now complete in all departments, for Holiday trade. Remember, we have the largest and best assortment of Fancy Goods and Jewelry in Boston, and have ample room in our new and commodious store for the accommodation of all.

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They invigorate the stomach and stimulate the torpid liver and bowels, which render them of unequalled efficacy in cleansing the blood of all impurities and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

**FOR SKIN DISEASES.** Eruptions, Tetter, Boils, Carbuncles, Blotches, Spots, Pimpls, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-Worms, Scald Head, Scrofula, Erysipels, Itch, Scars, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitter. One Bottle in such cases will convince the most incredulous of their curative effect.

Cleanses the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimpls, Eruptions or sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins, cleanse it when it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

**PIN. TAPE** and other **WORMS**, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. For full directions, read carefully the circular around each bottle, printed in four languages—English, German, French and Spanish.

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## A Magnificent Store.

A glance at the very attractive windows of Jordon, Marsh & Co., 942 to 250 Washington Street, Boston, is indicative in a measure of the wealth of the contents therein, but 'tis not till one enters the spacious store that he has the faintest conception of the rich, varied and captivating goods of all kinds which are displayed to tempt the eyes as well as the purses of the purchaser. Dress is an essential necessity, and though in many instances it may partake of the nature of a luxury, yet it is one of those luxuries that cannot be well dispensed with. "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy," is the advice of Polonius to Laertes, and it is good wholesome advice and applicable to all. To dress within one's means denotes the true lady or gentleman; to exceed one's means in dress betrays the mere pretender. The establishment of Messrs. Jordon, Marsh & Co., is so gigantic and contains such a colossal stock of goods of all fabrics and at all prices, that they are enabled to furnish dress materials and entire outfits suited to all classes of the community, at prices which certainly must strike the purchaser on the score of their reasonableness. In taking a hurried glance at their enormous stock of goods, what perhaps first strikes the visitor is their rich and varied assortment of dress fabrics, and of these, perhaps the *Silks* claim the preference. A black silk dress is never out of fashion, and what is much more to the point, it can be worn with perfect propriety on any and all occasions. We find here black silks in all varieties, of American manufacture, and from the best French and Italian establishments, ranging in price from \$1 to \$7 per yard; and worthy of close attention are those which have been marked down from \$4.50 and \$5 to \$3.50 and \$4 the yard. Of plain colored silks, for day and evening wear, there are all the new shades, and of all varieties of texture, while there are very handsome fancy silks in black and white stripes at \$1.50 per yard, which are really bargains. Among other styles of silks we are much pleased with the "Dolby Varden Foulards," which are new and very stylish and attractive. There is further on hand a large job lot of foulards of a multiplicity of patterns, selling at \$1 per yard. Velvets for cloakings and trimmings and velvetines and plushes, are to be found in great variety, and in color of all the known hues. Of other goods for dress materials, we may notice full lines of "drap national," "drap de France," "French cashmere," "French merinoes," "Irish and Lyons poplins," "satines," "wool and silk velours," "plaid serges," poplins and velours," and "cashmere robes," all very reasonable, and all extremely fashionable. In the *Sheet Department* we find a most extensive and expensive stock of goods on hand, the different varieties ranging in price from \$10 to \$2500 each, and suited to the wants of all classes of customers. Fashion and wealth will go into ecstasies over the superb "India filled and open centre" and the "India striped, long and square" shawls, which sell, according to quality, from \$100 to the highest price above named. They are most delicate in texture and rich in design, and they must be genuine, you know, for why? Has not each one of them the name of the camel that furnished the hair from which they are made, woven into it? More for comfort, but yet extremely showy and captivating, are the "Imitation India, long and squares"; the "French Cashmere, long and squares"; the "Paisley long and square"; "dark Worling"; the "Ottoman Reversible"; the "Roman Stripe"; the "German Worsted"; the "Scotch Plaids"; and the "Domestic Stripes and Plaids"; and the "Mourning Shawls," and these range in price from \$10 to \$150. In this department can be found a complete line of gentlemen's traveling shawls and English sleigh and carriage robes, etc. Rich and varied is the stock of *Mourning Dress Goods*, and it embraces all grades of Alpaca, Mohair, Brilliantine Cashmere, Merino, Drap d'ete, Australian Crapé, Barathea, Henriette Cloth, English and French Bombazines, Paramatta, Cretonne, Tamise, Empress, Nun Cloth, Bissaritz, plain and diagonal Satine, 3-4 and 6-4 all wool Delaine, Epinglene, Irish and Lyons Poplin and Courtald's English Crapé. In the *Cloth Department* we find an unprecedented assortment of all styles suitable for cloakings, and sacques for ladies' and children, and of all colors. Thus we have black and colored "Beavers" of all grades, and including the famous make of John Peter Schollier; broad cloths; treots, diagonals, seatings and malmes, colored chinchilla in great variety, and suitable for all ages, and admirable for making fancy wigs for children; water proofs of the best English and American manufacture; and a remarkable fine stock of Astracan and cashmere, all well worthy the consideration of buyers. The *Cloak and Suit Department* is most extensive, and cloaks and full suits, of all known materials and at all prices, for ladies, misses and children, can at all times be found here. Of *Suits* the establishment offers the largest and best selected assortment ever opened in this market, of American, English, French and German manufacture, consisting of black and colored silks, plain striped, and plain serges, colored and black cashmere, colored and black alpaca, poplins and plain woolen goods, and at prices astonishing for their lowness. These suits range in price from \$1 to \$500 each, and all are noticeable for the tasteful and exquisite manner in which they are trimmed and made up. Look at those very becoming and richly braided and embroidered cashmere and cloth sacks, breakfast jackets, and Garibaldi waists; how neat and natty do they make the wearer appear, and how much do they enhance the charms of "the human form divine." Where is the man with a heart so unseemly as not to "fall over head and ears in love" at the first sight, with a delicate maiden enveloped in smiles, and an embroidered cashmere or cloth sack, or a breakfast jacket, or even a Garibaldi waist? We confess, old fogey as we are, that our blood courses most wantonly through our veins at the bare thought of such "phantoms of flight." Here, too, we have opera cloaks and capes in endless variety; white mink and tarten dresses; and over skirts and polonaises of novel design in plain white, trimmed most bewitchingly in lace and colors. Velvet garments, very *distinguise*, for ladies, misses and children. Morning robes in poplin, and striped and figured and plain colored cashmeres, handsomely embroidered. Cloaks, sacques and ponchos, in velvet, cashmere, cloth and velvetines, most elegantly embroidered and elaborately trimmed with lace, floss, and bugle gimpes. Mark that rich assortment of fur goods, in sable, Astracan, sealskin and ermine, and now converted into jaunty sacques, with muff, collars and ties to match. How elegant are they in appearance, and how finely and faithfully are they made. One of these sacques and accompaniments is the ambition of most every young lady; therefore, let indulgent papas, and above all, enthusiastic lovers who intend making a holiday present, bear the fact in mind. In articles for children, wear this department is well furnished, and we call the attention of parents and guardians to the new gray and white Astracan, squirrel and chinchilla sets, including socks, capa, muffs and ties. The *Military Department* claims the universal attention of every lady who enters the establishment, and "loves of bonnets" are almost "as plenty as blackberries." The various styles are new and rich, and they are all becomingly and elegantly trimmed. Here we find sumptuous specimens of Paris millinery, as well as gorgeous specimens of the manufacture of Messrs. Jordon, Marsh & Co. There are to be found here rare shades of military and trimming silk velvets; French, English and American soft goods; cutrich tips, long plumes, pompons and aigrettes; and a superb assortment of delicate and various flowers, imported expressly by the establishment, nothing to complete a first-class military outfit, nothing to add to the *charme* of the *bonnet*. The stock is in every way of the *charme*. "You promised me a tawdry lace, and a tawdry lace I've got," says Mopea in *Shakespeare's Winter's Tale* but there is nothing tawdry about the lace to be found here, for they are selected with exquisite taste from the best manufacturers of the world. In this department we have black thread and Maitre lace; black spireme, and thread bethine; black thread barbes and coquilles; red point, Dubonnet, and barbes in thread; Hamburg sangles just imported, and very much under price; lace collars and ties, and embroidered sets suitable for the holiday season; plain hem collars and cuffs; lace trimmed handkerchiefs; point and applique lace, and embroidered, hem-attached and initial handkerchiefs, of all prices; applique and crocheted tidies; and plaitings and ruffles without number; white silk illusion for bridal veils; lace lined plique and tulle sets of all colors for evening dresses. Of *ribbons* there is a most attractive stock, and a full assortment of black, plain, and *grain* grain from one and one-half to two inches; black and colored bullet, and Scotch plaid ribbon of all widths; all the numbers in black velvet, and a full assortment of colored velvet ribbons; there has

just been received an extremely attractive variety of Rouan and French scarfs for from \$4.50 to \$16 and Homan ties as well as ladies' hemmed ties of crepe de chine, fringed silk, twilled silk, of the latest styles, from London and Paris; and in connection with these there is a large line of gentlemen's and youths' ties, comprising the freshest novelties, and which make charming Christmas and New Year's gifts. The *Hosiery and Glove Department* is full and the goods of a superior quality. In the stock there are silk underskirts; English merino undershirts and drawers of the best manufacture, for ladies, gentlemen and children; ribbed woolen shirts and drawers, extra heavy, for gentlemen; silk, merino, cotton, Balbraggan and flanne lined hose for ladies; fancy hose for children, and a full line of gentlemen's hosiery; woolen gloves of the best English, French and American make; kid gloves, imported direct from the most famed Paris houses, and all of the first quality; dog-skin gloves, tur-lined gloves, and gloves for driving, etc.; in this department also, there is an excellent lot of silk umbrellas, with solid ivory handles, and what more agreeable article can there be for a holiday present? In the *Ladies' Underwear Department* we have all the latest novelties in French and American night-robés, chemises, etc., of cotton and linen fabrics, plain, trimmed and embroidered; there are shirts of every conceivable kind, among them the "Olmstead Panner Shirt," with hoop, panniers and hair-cloth skirts, to suit all tastes; all the best makes of felt skirts, embossed and printed; and shaped and seamless goods in every variety. In infant's needs there is every necessary for a complete outfit, while special attention is paid to the robes, embroidered shawls, skirts and hoods. If you want to gladden the heart of a young mother at Christmas time, how better can you do, than by presenting her with a complete outfit for "the babe that slumbers upon her breast?" In corsets, all the latest styles in French and German both plain and embroidered, for ladies and misses wear. The *Housekeeping Department* is complete, and in it we have all the necessary for the household, such as blankets, quilts, comforters, pillow shams, lace curtains, piano covers, table cloths, napkins, d'oylies, towels, flannels, sheeting, shirtings, and in fine everything of which one can conceive the slightest necessity. We have thus given a hasty glance at the enormous stock in this well-conducted establishment. Undoubtedly our readers know what it is as well as we do ourselves. In closing we will say, however, that while especial attention has been paid in all the departments at the present time, to the requirements of the holiday trade, yet it in no way interferes with the steady and general run of the business of the concern, and all is conducted with the same facility, the same regularity and the same close attention to the wants, the comfort and the interests of the purchaser, as on the most ordinary occasion.—*Boston Traveller*.

## Married

In Waltham, Dec. 12th, by Rev. Mr. McCauley, W. F. Upham and Lizzie M. Rich, all of Waltham.

## Died.

In North Woburn, Dec. 12th, Oliver Fisher, 75 years, 11 months.

## Arlington Advertisements.

**PEARSON & TOBEY,**  
APOTHECARY,  
ARLINGTON AVE., Cor. MEDFORD ST.,  
ARLINGTON, MASS.

A good assortment of PURE

**DRUGS AND MEDICINES,**  
Also all reliable Patent Medicines, Fancy and Toilet Articles, Stationery, Cigars and Confectionery. Prescriptions compounded with great care from the purest materials.

Open on Sunday for the sale of medicines only, from 8 to 10.30 A. M., 1 to 2.30 and 5 to 8 P. M.

Agents for Dr. Kimball's Botanic Cough Remedy.

WM. L. CLARK & CO.

CARRIAGE PAINTERS, TRIMMERS,  
AND  
HARNESS MANUFACTURERS.

A good Assortment of Blankets, Halters, Surcingle, Whips, Cards, Combs, Brushes.

Repairing promptly and neatly executed.

**ADMIRABLE** Hair Dressing, *Illustrating Balm sold by PEARSON & TOBEY*, Arlington. It cleanses your head of Dandruff, and renders the hair soft, smooth, and glossy.

TONIC, Arlington. It cleanses your head of Dandruff, and renders the hair soft, smooth, and glossy.

MOORE'S ARLINGTON & NORTH CAMBRIDGE EXPRESS.

TWO TRIPS DAILY.

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OFFICES:

In Boston, 34 Court Square, and 145 No. Market Street.

In Arlington, at the Centre Depot, and at house on Arlington Avenue.

In No. Cambridge, at Henderson's Block.

Goods and Packages of all descriptions carefully handled and promptly delivered.

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MOORE'S ARLINGTON & NORTH CAMBRIDGE EXPRESS.

**Wayland.**

A correspondent writing from Wayland, on Christmas Day, says:—“That the 60 little children connected with the Trinitarian Sabbath School here, have had the tree in the vestry, from which Santa Claus has made each glad with some token of affection from teacher or friend, and this evening in the vestries of each society, the folks are having a sociable and collation.”

**Winchester.**

**SAVINGS BANK.**—Our Savings Bank, which was organized less than six months ago, has prospered much beyond the expectations of its founders. It now numbers 175 depositors, and the amount deposited \$25,000. Money put in this week will go on interest the first of January next, and we hope that all will bear this fact in mind, as a fitting opportunity to make their deposits. This institution is in the best of hands, and it is desirable that those wishing to put aside a little spare money, should place it in this bank, which is convenient of access to our townspeople, and where a good rate of interest can be obtained for it.

**BRASS BAND.**—An effort is being made to organize a brass band, for the performance of instrumental music, in this town. The movement seems to meet with favor, and quite a number have already enlisted in the ranks.

**PRESENTATION.**—Mr. Jacob O. Sanborn, the Principal of the Grammar School, was surprised last Friday by the presentation to him of a Christmas gift, in the shape of two large sized beautiful Chromos, handsomely framed, from the pupils of his school. The presentation was made by one of the pupils and feelingly responded to by the recipient. Such acts show the pleasant relation existing in this school between teacher and pupils, and which we hope may always be seen here and elsewhere.

**FAIR AND ENTERTAINMENT.**—The Fair in the Unitarian Church on Wednesday and Thursday of last week, was not as well patronized by those outside of the society worshipping there, as it should have been, but notwithstanding this it was tolerably successful, and the ladies under whose auspices it was carried on, may well congratulate themselves on the result. The vestry was partially decorated with evergreen and hemlock, and the sale tables were well filled with a choice assortment of useful and fancy articles. The cake had for its attendants a bevy of young ladies with their jaunty caps who provided for those who desired them, the needed refreshments in appropriate style.

On Thursday evening a dramatic performance was given of “Scenes of Great Expectations,” by some amateurs. The centre of the rear vestries was converted into a temporary stage, with its appropriate paraphernalia. The actors in this piece performed their parts admirably well, and the lesson which it conveyed was strikingly portrayed. We hope that it may be repeated in Lyceum Hall, at some future day. Before and during the acts, the audience was favored with some fine singing. The closing novelty of the evening was the appearance upon the stage of five of our young men, dressed in grotesque costume, and wearing masks, and their rendering of a comic song peculiarly adapted to the town. The verses pertained to the location of the depot on the Palmer lot, the sale of the Common, the new stone bridge, and steam engine. The whole thing was so comic, and yet withal so ingenious, that the audience was convulsed with laughter during the performance. It alone was worth the price of admission, and we only regret that more were not present to be amused.

**CHORUS SOCIETY.**—The Chorus will commence rehearsing the Oratorio of the Creation on Monday evening next, Jan. 1st, in the vestry of the Unitarian church. There is still opportunity for such as can read music, to join the Chorus as active members and enjoy the advantages of their rehearsals. Any one else can become an associate member of this Chorus by the payment of five dollars, and attend and listen to all the rehearsals and thus assist in continuing to the lovers of good music the privilege of singing under the lead and training of a first class musical director. The punctual attendance and careful practice of the active members during the rehearsals is absolutely necessary.

Hackett, the actor is dead.

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**JOHN FORD,**  
**TAILOR,**  
Over Upham's Market, Arlington Ave.,  
ARLINGTON, MASS.

Gents' Garments Cut, Made, and Trimmed in the latest styles. Garments repaired and cleansed in the best manner.

**CHARLES F. BRADBURY**

(Successor to Thomas Ransdall.)

DEALER IN

**BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS,**

Cor. Arlington Ave. and Pleasant St.,

ARLINGTON, MASS.

Particular attention paid to all kinds of CUSTOM WORK: also repairing done with neatness and dispatch.

**W. F. WELLINGTON,**

Dealer in First-Class

**GROCERIES,**

Of every description.

Java and other Coffees Ground on the Premises every day.

**ARLINGTON AVE., Arlington.**

Goods delivered in any part of the town or West Medford, free of expense.

**Joseph W. Ronco,**  
FASHIONABLE HAIR DRESSER,  
Over Upham's Market, Arlington Ave.,  
ARLINGTON, MASS.

Particular attention given to Cutting, Curling, and Shampooing Ladies' and Children's Hair.

**WILLIAM KIMBALL,**  
CARRIAGE MANUFACTURER  
AND HORSE SHOER,  
Arlington Avenue.

Opp. Whittemore's Hotel.  
ARLINGTON.

All branches of repairing done with neatness and dispatch. Particular attention paid to Horse Shoeing.

**MATTHEW ROWE,**  
Dealer in

**FIRST-CLASS GROCERIES,**  
ARLINGTON AVENUE,  
ARLINGTON, MASS.

**WILLIAM O. MENCHIN,**

**WHEELWRIGHT,**  
ARLINGTON AVE., Arlington.

Carriages Made and Repaired.

**HENRY LOCKE,**

DEALER IN

**PROVISIONS,**

Vegetables, Fruits, &c.

Pleasant St., Arlington, Mass.

**D. DODGE,**

APOTHECARY

Besides his large stock of Drugs, Patent Medicines, &c., keeps constantly on hand

**FANCY SOAPS, PERFUMERY,**  
Tooth and Hair Brushes, Gents' Collars  
in large variety.

PURE SPICES, Soda and Cream of Tartar, and  
the various grades of the Oriental Tea and Coff.

in few C's very low Warehouse prices.

**Lexington Advertisements.**

**During the Holidays**

**PRICES REDUCED**

ON

**HD'KFS, SCARFS NECKTIES.**

**Cloves, &c., &c.**

**WOOLEN GOODS,**

Ladies' Jackets, coats, Sontags,

AND

**SHAWLS.**

Ladies' and Gent's

**Undergarments**

**G. W. TAYLOR,**

Post Office Block,

**LEXINGTON.**

**GEO. W. NICHOLS,**

Dealer in

**WATCHES,**

Clocks, Jewelry, &c.

Waltham, Elgin, and U. S. Watches are

not excelled by any Watches in the market for time keepers and economy.

**SPECTACLES**

of the best quality, and a perfect fit guaranteed.

Repairing done in a proper manner.

Goods not in stock supplied to order, and all goods warranted as represented.

TOWN HALL BUILDING, — Lexington

Terms positively cash.

**L. C. BABCOCK,**

(AT THE POST-OFFICE.)

Has a full and carefully selected stock of

**DRUGS,**

**MEDICINES,**

**TOILET ARTICLES,**

And all goods usually kept in a FIRST-CLASS DRUG STORE. Also, a nice assortment of Stationery, Confectionery and Fancy Goods.

To the above stock has just been added an assortment of

**TOYS**

AND

**HOLIDAY GOODS.**

**Lexington Advertisements.**

**ALONZO GODDARD,**

DEALER IN

**Stoves of all Kinds,**

including the Magee Portable Range.

Zinc, Sheet Lead, Lead Pipe, Galvanized Iron Pipe, Hardware, Doty's Clothes Washer, Clothes Wringers,

Kitchen Furnishing Goods, Tin, Japan, Britannia, Glass and Wooden Ware.

Special attention paid to manufacturing Milk Cans of all sizes.

MAIN STREET, EAST LEXINGTON, And Main Street, near the Centre Depot.

m6

**E. P. RICH,**

DEALER IN

Men's, Boys' and Youth's.

Women's, Misses' and Children's

**Boots and Shoes**

Crockery, Ready-made Clothing, Hats and Caps, Gent's Furnishing Goods, Umbrellas, &c.

Opp. Central Depot, Main Street, Lexington, Mass.

Goods received for Barrett's Dye House. 4m

Agen. for the Celebrated BURDITT ORGAN.

**A. F. SPAULDING,**

MANUFACTURER OF

**BOOTS and SHOES,**

HANCOCK STREET.

m5 LEXINGTON, MASS.

Gents' Toilet Slippers made to measure.

**W. A. LANE & CO.**

Auctioneers & Real Estate Agents

RESIDENCE, BEDFORD, MASS.

Offices at C. A. Gorin's Store, Bedford, and B. C. Whittemore's Store, Lexington Center, where all orders that are left will be promptly attended to.

References many of the prominent men in adjoining towns. Thankful for past favors, they solicit the generous patronage that has been given heretofore.

Arlington Advertisements.

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a8

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m7

**O. G. Robinson,**

FISH & OYSTER MARKET,

Corner of Main and Water Sts.,

ARLINGTON, MASS.

**OYSTERS SERVED IN EVERY STYLE.**

SALT, CORNED, & SMOKED FISH

of all kinds. Fresh supplies con-

stantly on hand.

a13

**M. A. Richardson**

**THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.**—The Capitol is the superb and conclusive argument against a removal of the seat of government. It is one of the most imposing buildings in the world. Indeed, there is none for great national purposes to be compared with it. Vast sums of money, however, have been squandered upon it. It is the monument of a thousand shameless jobs. It is a miracle of wasted space and inconvenience. Incongruity and tastelessness and absurdity abound in it. But as you drive over the heights, miles away from the city, that marvelous dome is still the most impressive and beautiful object you can see; and as you stand at night in front of the Capitol, when the moon is full, looking at the facade of either end, you feel the truth of the poet's lines,

"Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,  
As the best gem upon her zone."

The unblemished whiteness of the building is striking. It sparkles in the moon. Yet in the fullest sunshine it is never glaring to the distant eye. The neighborhood of Washington is so picturesquely rolling that the dome is constantly set in the finest landscape conditions. Its effect is like that of the grandest natural object—a mountain or the sea; and it gives a character to the entire landscape which would otherwise be wanted. The associations of the city are modern and political; but every great work of plastic art that touches the imagination belongs to the common realm of poetry. On some soft, rich October day, when the warmth of the sun is ripe, not crude, sweet as the juices of the fruit it mellows, drive to the cemetery on Georgetown Heights, a beautiful and sunny city of the dead. Then, pushing out upon the Rockville pike, you will see the Potomac Valley to the left and the shining line of the stream, and further round toward your right, as you turn, the Capitol. Turning at a certain point sharply to the left, and winding round along a narrow road, just upon the verge of the hill as you begin to descend, stop and look.

On such a day, in such a light and airy allthings are beautiful. But here, on this rough road, among these untilled fields, this land of whose romance even Hawthorne despaired, you suddenly see at the same moment two of the most memorable views which your memory will bring back from Europe or from all historic and romantic lands. What magic spell intrahs you—for you see at once the dome of St. Peter's from the Villa Doria, and the towed castle of Chillon upon the lake of Geneva! It is the Capitol dome, with the long white line of the building itself, and the pile of the Georgetown College, which from this point seems to stand upon the edge of the Potomac, that broadens, apparently landlocked, into a placid and gleaming lake. It is a view which adds to the charm of the American landscape the fascination of romantic and historic suggestion. It is one of the pictures which memory never loses, which gives us, in a certain sense, all the beauty with none of the sadness of the scenes which it recalls.—*Harper's Magazine for January.*

**DISHEARTENERS.**—It is cheap and easy to destroy. There is not a joyful boy or innocent girl, buoyant with fine purposes of duty, in all the streets full of eager and rosy faces, but a cynic can chill and dishearten with a single word. Despondency comes readily enough to the most sanguine people. The cynic has only to follow the hint with his bitter confirmation, and they go home with a heavier step and premature age. They will themselves quickly enough give the hint to the cold wretch. Which of them has not failed to please where they most wished to please? or blundered where they were most ambitious of success? found themselves awkward or tedious, or incapable of study, thought, heroism, and only hoped, by good sense and fidelity, to do what they could, and pass unblamed? And this wicked malefactor makes their little hopes less with satire and skepticism, and slackens the springs of endeavor. Yes, this is easy: but to help the young soul, add energy, inspire homes, and blow the coals into a useful flame; to redeem defeat by new thought, by firm action; that is not easy—that is the work of divine men.

**SOCIAL HONOR.**—Every person should cultivate a nice sense of honor. In a hundred different ways this most fitting adjunct to the true lady or gentleman is often tried. For instance, one is the guest of a family where, perhaps, the domestic machinery does not run smoothly. There is sorrow in the house, unsuspected by the outward world. Sometimes it is a dissipated son, whose conduct is a shame and a grief to his parents; sometimes a relative, whose eccentricities and peculiarities are a cloud on the home. Or, worst of all, husband and wife may not be in accord, and there may be often bitter words spoken in harsh recriminations. In any of these cases, the guest is in honor bound to be blind and deaf, as far as people without are concerned. If a gentle word within can do any good, it may well be said; but to go forth and reveal the shadow of unhappy secret to any one, even your nearest friend, is an act of indelicacy and meanness almost unparalleled. Once in the sacred precincts of any house, admitted into its privacy, sharing its life, all you can see or hear is a sacred trust. It is really as contemptible to gossip of such things as it would be to steal the silver or borrow books and forget to return them.

**A. Head is a better man than B. Hind.**

**DON'T ADVERTISE.**—Don't do it. Don't advertise your business; it's paying out money to accommodate other people; if they want to buy your goods, let them hunt you up.

Don't advertise, for it gets your name abroad, and you are apt to be flooded with circulars from business houses, and to be bored with "drummers" from the wholesale establishments, all of which also results in soliciting your order for new goods, and money to pay for them, which is very annoying to one of a dyspeptic temperament.

Don't advertise, for it brings people in from the country, (country folks, you know, are of an inquiring turn of mind,) and they will ask you many astonishing questions about prices, try your temper with showing them goods, and even vex you with the request to tie them up; which puts you to an additional trouble of buying more.

Don't advertise; it gives people abroad a knowledge of your town, and they come and settle in it; it will grow, and other business will be induced to come in and thus increase your competition.

In short, if you would have a quiet town, not too large; if you would not be harassed by multitudinous cares and perplexities of business; if you would avoid being bothered with paying for and losing time to read a great cumbersome newspaper, just remain quiet; don't let the people know five miles away where you are, nor what you are doing; and you will be severely let alone to enjoy the bliss of undisturbed repose.—*Gazette, Redwood City, Cal.*

**SINGULAR INSTANCE OF SOMNAMBULISM.**—Some friends visited La Fontaine one evening and found him asleep. While they were talking with his wife, La Fontaine entered in his nightcap, without shoes or stockings, just as he had risen from his bed. His eyes were half open, but he evidently saw no object; he crossed the dining room where the party were sitting, went into a little closet or cabinet which served him for a study, and shut himself up in the dark. Some time after, he came out, rubbing his hands and expressing much satisfaction, but still asleep; he then went through the dining room, quite unconscious of the presence of any one, and retired to bed. His wife and friends were very curious to know what he had been about in the dark. They all went into his study, and found there a fable newly written, the ink being still wet, which brought conviction that he had composed it during his dream. The admirers of this most original author may wish to know which fable was composed under these extraordinary circumstances. It is one that is replete with the most natural and touching language—it is that which unites the utmost grace of expression language is capable of—in a word, it is the celebrated fable of "The Two Pigeons."—*Med. and Surg. Reporter.*

**THOMAS NAST THE CARICATURIST.**—Nast is a man about 34 years of age, and five feet seven inches in height. He has a keen, sharp eye, and a good German face; has black hair, and is dapper and neat in his person. He was born in Breslau, Germany, and came over here when about three years of age. His father wanted him to be a jeweler, but he was already betrothed to art. Frank Leslie, it is said, brought him out first, at the time he sent him to England to make pictures of the great Hecan and Sayers fight. And then when the war broke out the Harpers sent him south to sketch battles. He lives in 125th street, New York, in a modest frame house. His wife and his three sons constitute his family. They have no servants. At the end of the lot on which his house stands is a one-story brick building, where he does his work. He has there the quaintest collection of curiosities, chiefly of art, that could be imagined. His wife is a lady of rare intelligence, who assists him greatly in his labors. She is a relative of James Parton. Nast is a man of indomitable courage and rare intelligence.

**THE ONE-TERM PRINCIPLE.**—The New York *Journal of Commerce* favors Mr. Sumner's amendment of the Constitution limiting the occupation of the Presidential chair to one term. The editor admits that it may sometimes happen that a President may be so good and wise that it would be better to choose him for another four years than to try another man, but thinks the balance of risks is on the other side. The reason is, that "great statesmen who are at the same time incorruptible patriots are among the rarest products of the human stock; and no man not possessing a strong, well-balanced mind and virtues proof against all temptation can go through a Presidential term without falling into habits and associations that make his re-election undesirable. Only the robustest goodness can survive in the pernicious political atmosphere of the capital."

**A very wicked Ridgefield man, says a Connecticut paper, being recently taken ill, and believing he was about to die, told a neighbor that he felt the need of preparation for the next world, and would like to see some proper person in regard to it, whereupon his feeling friend sent for an insurance agent.**

**TOO CLEVER.**—An assistant of a chemist recently put up a prescription for a young lady of a dose of castor oil. She innocently inquired how it could be taken without tasting it. He promised to explain to her, and in the meantime offered her courteously a glass of flavored and scented seltzer water. When she had finished it, he said triumphantly, "You see, miss, you have taken your oil and did not know it." The young lady screamed out, "It was for my mother."

**CLEVER SATIRE ON STAGE DRESSING.**—The last time Joe Jefferson was in St. Louis, Judge Joseph Gillespie was prevailed upon to go and see "Rip Van Winkle." This was the first play the judge had ever witnessed. When asked what he thought about it, he replied: "Hem! hem! confounded ridiculous. The idea of a poor Dutch woman over the washtub with diamond rings on her fingers." The judge has never been to a play since.

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**At a menagerie in Indianapolis a small lioness escaped from her cage, and the chief of police went to the top of the centre pole in five minutes. He is reported now as saying that he went up there just for fun, to decide a bet. Besides that, he says he didn't know the lioness was out of her cage, and he didn't go up the pole anyway.**

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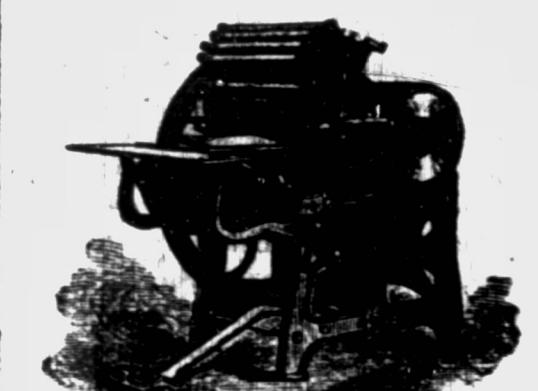
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